

THE FAMILY CIRCLE



ALICE FAYE . . . went dining and dancing, after the New York opening of "In Old Chicago," with a party of friends—and Harry Evans was along. He describes the evening, telling not only about Alice but also about Darryl Zanuck, dancer Bill Robison, and Walter Winchell.

ALICE LOVARRE . . . discovered—much to her discomfort, but to the vast amusement of the Peruvian natives—that the llama is no mere beast of burden. Indeed, it is animoldom's greatest snob and most rugged individualist. William Lovarre, famous explorer, tells how his wife found that out.



SUCH A LITTLE FELLOW

—yet he burns up more energy than you do!

Delicious N. B. C.
Graham Crackers
supply the vital
energy growing
children need.



ON THE GO from morn'ing 'til night—why it makes you tired just to watch him!

No wonder he's in the kitchen so often asking for "something to eat". And it's your job to see that these "soaks" restore the energy he uses so lavishly.

Wise mothers keep N.B.C. Graham Crackers on hand for "extra" meals. They're a wonderful energy food—yet they don't spoil appetites for spinach, carrots and other foods!

And do N.B.C. Grahams *taste* good? Oh, my! They're made with special graham flour which gives them a tempting natural graham flavor.

Get a package today. Your grocer carries N.B.C. Graham Crackers in 3 convenient size red packages. You can be sure they are lovingly fresh, because they're *rubbed* to him at the peak of their goodness from local National Biscuit Company ovens.



Look for this SEAL OF PERFECT BAKING which identifies products of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Family Circle

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE MORE THAN 1,510,000

HARRY H. EVANS, Editor JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemakers' Bureau
Editorial Advisory Staff JAN C. MAYER, Art R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts

All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes thoroughly tested

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

"I DO not know how I could get along without THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE," writes Mrs. C. Palmer, 1243 E. State St., Trenton, New Jersey. "It's worth its weight in gold. But, oh, what a time I have getting one! There's such a great demand for them that people would be willing to pay the grocer to hold copies of each issue for them." And here are Mrs. Palmer's contributions to The Personal Touch:

MAKE THE MOST OF IT

If the day be fine and fair,
Make the most of it!
Don't sit grumbling in your chair;
Walk outside and breathe the air,
Get the sunshine in your hair,
Make the most of it!

If there comes a chance to play,
Make the most of it!
Give up worry while you may;
Fuss is too rare to throw away.
When you get a happy day,
Make the most of it!

When there comes a chance to sing,
Make the most of it!
Let the waltz and rhapsody ring;
Give that heart of yours full swing—
Joy's a mighty precious thing.
Make the most of it!

But when comes a gloomy day,
Make the most of it!
Brave and steadfast, fighting stay,
Something worth while hidden may
Neath the care be tucked away.
Make the most of it!

—EDGAR GUEST

I expect to pass through this life but once
If there is any kindness I can show,
Or any good thing I can do for my fellow
beings,
Let me do it now;
I shall not pass this way again to correct
mistakes
Or alone for neglects.

—WILLIAM PENN

If you want to be rich, give.
If you want to be poor, grasp.
If you want on abundance, scatter.
If you want to be needy, hoard.

MANY thanks to Mrs. Charles O. Fuson, 1207½ N. Gordon St., Hollywood, California, for sending us the following verses:

"WHAT IS GOOD?"

"What is Good?" I asked in musing mood.
"Order," said the law court.
"Knowledge," said the school.
"Truth," said the wise man.
"Pleasant," said the fool.
"Love," said the maiden.
"Beauty," said the page.
"Freedom," said the dreamer.
"Home," said the sage.
"Fame," said the soldier.
"Equality," said the seer.
Spoke my heart full sadly.
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom softly this I heard,
"Each heart holds the secret—
'Kindness' is the word!"

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

FRIENDSHIP

Friend is a word of royal tone;
Friend is a poem all alone.

—TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN

ANOTHER story of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE having faraway readers comes from Miss E. Farnival, 914 E. 11th Dr., Los Angeles, California, who sends her copies on to her aunt in Sydney, Australia. Her aunt especially enjoys The Personal Touch, writes Miss Farnival, who also contributes this reprint verse:

TIME TO LIVE

Folks who're always worrying,
Hustling, and a-hurrying
Miss a lot of joy each day,
If they've never time to stay.

If you've never time to look
At a picture or a book,
Never time to stop and talk
Or look round you when you walk,
Never time to give a greeting
To a friend or two at meeting,
Never time to stop and say,
"Isn't it a lovely day?"
If you're hurrying along,
Never hear the birds in song,
Never watch the changing sky
Or the people passing by.
If you've never time for kindness,
Then you walk through life in blindness.

Life has little joy to give,
If you've never time to live!

OUR sincere thanks to Mrs. Mae Davison, 176 Easton Ave., New Brunswick, New Jersey, who writes that THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE "really seems as if it were one of the family." We are glad to reprint these verses sent by Mrs. Davison:

WAS IT YOU?

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
But two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own!

—ADAM LINSLEY GORDON

Someone started the whole day wrong,
Someone robbed the day of its song;
Early this morning someone frowned,
Someone talked until others frowned;
And soon harsh words were passed around.

Someone started the day aright,
Someone made it happy and bright;
Early this morning, we are told,
Someone smiled, and all through the day
This smile encouraged young and old!

MABEL JOHNSON of Groveton, R.F.D. 1, Alexandria, Virginia, contributes what we consider a reprint verse of great beauty, and we are grateful for her thoughtfulness:

WANDERLUST

It isn't the call of the open road
That clamors to be heard;
It isn't the roar of a mountain stream
Nor yet the song of a bird.
The voice I hear and needs must follow
Calls from a still and leafy hollow.

It isn't the glory of sunlit trees
That call to me each spring,
But always the soul-healing peace of them
That sets me journeying.
Some seek their God in wild, wide spaces,
I, in the tranquil, little places.

It isn't the call of the woodland trail,
Though footpath ways are mine.
I answer the voice of a temple bell
That calls me to a shrine.
I leave the world, its fret and friction,
To find the hush of a benediction.

—HELENE FLUMER

IT is good of Mrs. Maude Dowden, 1922 N. St., N. W., Washington, D. C., to send us this reprint verse, and we appreciate it:

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

Supposing today were your last day on earth,
The last mile of the journey you've trod,
After all of your struggles, how much are
you worth?

How much could you take home to God?

Don't count as possessions your silver and gold,
For tomorrow you leave them behind.
And all that is yours to have and to hold
Are the blessings you've given mankind.

Just what have you done as you've journeyed along
That was really and truly worth while?
Do you feel your good deeds would offset
the wrong?
Could you look o'er your life with a smile?

We are only supposing, but if it were real,
And you invoiced your deeds since your birth,
And you figured the profits you've made in
life's deal—
How much are you REALLY worth?

SCREEN TEST



WHAT strikes me first is the girl's hair. It is just the shade of dark red that's so much in demand for color work. When the elevator steps at the main floor and she steps out into the corridor, I get a good look at her. She is tall and she has a good figure. Her make-up is awful, but in spite of that she looks good to me. I have a hunch she'll do for Leo, so I stop her. It won't be the first time I've reached out and grabbed a model. "Pardon me," I say, "I'm not meaning to be fresh—but your hair's just the

right color. It's just the shade I've been looking for."

For a minute I think she is going to slap my face. She starts to walk on. But then she hesitates and stops. "What do you mean?" she asks.

"I'm in the business," I say. "Did you ever consider being a model?"

She looks at me steadily, as if she is sizing me up.

"I'm George Martin of the Martin Model Agency." I give her one of my cards.

GEORGE IS SO USED TO PICKING THE RIGHT GIRL FOR OTHERS THAT IT NEVER OCCURS TO HIM TO PICK ELLEN FOR HIMSELF
BY WRAY SELDEN



"George," says Leo after he's looked at Ellen from 342 angles, "for once you're right!"

She looks stunned. Then she bursts right out into a laugh and I see her teeth will do for any tooth paste ad. "How funny," she says.

"What's funny?" I ask.

"You—it—everything—" And she laughs some more. I wonder if there is anything peculiar about me. Maybe I've put on that pink shirt again—the one nobody seems to appreciate.

"Are you really Mr. Martin?" she asks. I tell her I am.

"It's a joke," she says, "—maybe a gag?"

"It is not. I asked you if you'd like to be a model."

"Listen, Mr. Martin," she says. "I've just come from your office. They told me I wasn't the type."

"Have I got a bunch of nitwits working for me?" I yell. I am pretty sore. "They haven't got the brains of a cockroach. All I've got to do is wash your face and you're the answer to Leo's prayer."

"Who's Leo?"

When I say Leo Shafer, she knows right away. Everybody knows that "Photograph by Shafer" means a thousand bucks a crack.

"He's been after me for weeks. He's turned down every redhead I've got on file. He's got to make a cover for *Style*, and is he particular! You ask me. If your hair isn't what he wants, I'll jump in the Hudson with my shoes on."

"I wouldn't want you to do that," she says. The icebergs in her voice must've hit a gulf stream, because she sounds real friendly. "Anyway, not with your shoes on."

I SEE more good-looking women in fifteen minutes than most people see in a month. I'm hardened to them—I've got to be. So what? So this girl turns a pair of great big blue eyes on me and I feel like taking up adagio dancing. I forget all about where I am going and I take her back up to my office. "Saps!" I shriek, meaning everybody in general and Miss Dill, who runs the office for me, in particular.

"Pickle!" I shout. Pickle being the name by which Miss Dill is usually known. "What's the matter with your eyes? Here's the very vench for Leo Shafer and you give her the bird! I ask you, have I got an office force—or do you dopes just live here?"

For once I get no back talk.

"Look at her hair!" I continue, pounding on Pickle's desk with both fists. "Look at her teeth! Even if she only had one gam, her teeth would make good pictures." I turn to the girl. "Open your mouth and show her your teeth." She shows her teeth all right. She bares them like she is going to bite me. She says, "Gr-r-r-r!" She is laughing.

"Don't mind him," says Pickle. "He's crazy."

"If you're not too busy, Pickle," I say with heavy sarcasm, "you might get Leo on the phone for me. Then fill out a card for her." I turn to the girl again. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Ellen Andrews," she tells me, smiling.

"Mr. Shafer is on the phone," says Pickle.

I go into my office and pick up the receiver. "Listen, you dope," I say to Leo. "I've got the model you want for that *Style* cover."

"Yeah?" comes back Leo. "You said that before."

"This time I mean it. She's the goods."

"I know," says Leo. "So was that girl with the gold tooth—"

"I'm not arguing with you," I break in. "—I'm telling you. I bet you a dinner."

"Maybe," says Leo, still unconvinced. "Tell her to grab a cab and come on over. If she's all you say she is, I'll buy two dinners."

"An hour," I say, "and I'll bring her myself. But first, I've got to wash her face." (Please turn to page 9)

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM



300,000,000 PEOPLE OF INDIA REPEAT THESE WORDS EACH MORNING: "EVERYTHING IS FOOD, BUT BREAD IS THE GREAT MOTHER." (PART OF A PRAYER FROM THE RAIPUT PRAYER BOOK.)

BUT FOR CENTURIES THE TROGLodyTES OF NORTHERN AFRICA DENIED BREAD TO THEIR WOMEN, FOR FEAR THE WOMEN MIGHT BECOME AS STRONG AND COURAGEOUS AS THE MEN!

FROM ART BY DOBERNICK, THIS SURVIVS AS FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00

THERE IS THE STREET OF TEA WARE IN NANKAI, FRENCH INDO-CHINA—WHERE TEAPOTS, PLATES, AND CUPS ARE SOLD FROM LOW TABLES IN THE STREET. (IN NANKAI, THE COMMODITY SOLD DETERMINES THE NAME OF THE STREET.)



FROM JACOB DOBERNICK, THIS SURVIVES AS FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TIME YOUR EGGS WITH AN "HOURGLASS" AS BIG AS THIS ONE OWNED BY CHARLEMAGNE, HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR? IT WAS GOOD FOR TWELVE HOURS!

FROM JACOB DOBERNICK, THIS SURVIVES AS FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00



FLASH! YOU CAN NOW BOIL BONES IN NEW YORK WITHOUT A PERMIT AND BE WITHIN THE LAW. THE OLD LAM FOREBODING SUCH PRACTICE WAS AMONG THOSE RECENTLY ELIMINATED FROM THE CITY'S STATUTES.

FROM JACOB DOBERNICK, THIS SURVIVES AS FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00

MALTED MILK WAS FIRST CALLED QUASTOID. (WILLIAM HORLICK INVENTED IT IN 1882 AND COINED THE NAME "MALTED MILK" IN 1886.)

FROM JACOB DOBERNICK, THIS SURVIVES AS FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00



IN 1911 DAREDEVIL BOBBY LEACH, OF JERSEY CITY, DROPPED 165 FEET OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A STEEL CASK, AND LIVED. IN 1926 HE DIED—AFTER SLIPPING ON AN ORANGE PEEL!

UNUSUAL facts about food and home-making are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5, and several \$1 prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. The contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

SIGN IN A LONDON RESTAURANT



IN MANY OF THE SMALLER CAFES OF FRANCE, EACH CUSTOMER HAS HIS OWN NAPKIN, WHICH HE KEEPS IN A PIGEONHOLE

FROM JACOB DOBERNICK, THIS SURVIVES AS FIRST PRIZE, \$100.00

through several waters; and chill. Sliced fine with scissors. Combine all ingredients; toss lightly to mix. Place on crisp spinach leaves; garnish with grated hard-cooked egg yolk or sliced hard-cooked eggs; and serve at once. Serves 6. (Note: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely sliced green onion and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely sliced radish may be added or substituted for celery.)

CORN MEAL CUDGELS

Corn meal biscuits

1 cup oil-
blanched flour
1 cup yellow
corn meal
2 tps. baking
powder

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
6 tps. shortening
1 egg
Milk

Sift flour; measure; sift corn meal; measure; and sift with flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in shortening. Break egg into measuring cup; beat with fork; and add

enough milk to make $\frac{3}{4}$ cup. Add to flour mixture; stir just until all flour is dampened. Knead dough lightly 2 minutes on lightly floured board. Divide evenly into 18 parts; shape into long cakes or sticks. Bake 12 to 15 minutes, or until golden brown, on ungreased cookie sheet in hot oven (450° F.). Makes 18 cakes.

"PIGS IN THE PARLOR"

Escalloped potatoes and ham

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced
cured ham
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sliced
onion
3 cups sliced
potato

2 tps. flour
1 tsp. salt
Pepper
2 cups scalded
milk

Cut ham in pieces for 6 individual servings; place piece of ham in bottom of 6 well greased individual casseroles. Add layer onion, then potato; sprinkle each layer with 1 tsp. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, and dash of pepper; and pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded milk over each. Bake 1 hour, or until potato is tender, in slow oven (325° F.). Serves 6.

IRISH TOPPER SALAD

Banded with cream cheese

1 pkg. lime-
flavored
gelatin
6 slices pineapple

1 pkg. cream
cheese
Mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin as directed on package. Pour into jelly glasses or molds approximately 2 inches in diameter and 3 inches high. Chill several hours, or until firmly set. Drain pineapple well. Unmold gelatin on pineapple rings; garnish with band of cream cheese softened with mayonnaise. Place on bed of shredded lettuce in lettuce cup. Serve with mayonnaise, fruit, or salad dressing. Serves 6.



A BIT OF Blarney



TAKE a tip from the fun-loving Irish if you would have your St. Patrick's Day party go over like "a bit of blarney," for this is the day to cast aside all social formalities in favor of the homier forms of entertainment.

Streamers, tinted flowers, potted plants, or Irish symbols will transform your home or table into a realistic Emerald Isle. Shamrocks, top hats, clay pipes, and harps cut from stiff green paper may be used for invitations or place cards. The Blarney Stone makes an excellent centerpiece for the table. It may be a real stone or a cardboard replica covered with stone-gray crepe paper and moss. Or a large imitation harp might be used. It is easily made by bending wire into the shape of a harp, covering it with green paper, and stringing it with cord. Little pigs, plump colliers, clay pipes, and top hats—all fashioned from marshmallows—make cunning favors and place cards.

You might have green cellophane bows ready for your guests upon their arrival. The men may use theirs as bow ties, and the women may wear theirs as hair ribbons. It would be amusing to request each guest to talk with an Irish brogue during the first hour. This will help to put everyone in the right mood for the games which may be played later.

One good way to get the party off to a hilarious start is to stage a potato hunt. Use small potatoes. Dye one of them green by wrapping it in green crepe paper and then moistening it. Hide all the potatoes and ask the guests to look for them. The one who finds the green potato wins the prize.

A potato-carving contest would also add merriment to the occasion. For this, each guest is given a large potato and a paring knife. Ten or fifteen

ENTERTAINING—VOL. 22 The Family Circle Magazine, March 11th, 1938

Kitchenering—"a cheerful red binder," completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 pages—is ideal for these colorful pages, as well as for recipes of your own. Send for one of these useful, attractive binders and get the book of the month free. Write for details, Kitchenering—"a good book"—in care of the publisher, The Family Circle Magazine, 100 Madison Avenue, The Family Circle Magazine, New York, New York.

Julia Lee Wright



A bit of Irish topper—Irish and lime gelatin served in a cup and called a "cup o' joy." Toss with whipped cream and tiny green gelatin shavers.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

minutes are allowed for carving a figure symbolic of Ireland. You may award a prize for the best "work of art." It is simple to bring the Irish Sweepstakes into your own living room, if you have available one of the numerous horse-racing games so popular today.

To pair members of the group into couples, write the first line of popular Irish songs on slips of paper. Cut the slips in two and then ask the couples to match the halves. If card games are in order, you may name the tables after Irish cities and progress from one city to another. For those who like to sing, have copies of a number of Irish ballads handy for a good old Irish song fest.

In keeping with the spirit of the day, the menu should be Irish in spirit or color, whether you are serving dinner, luncheon, or refreshments. Rice, salad dressing, fruit drinks, ices, and candies may be tinted green. Parsley, pickles, green olives, mint jelly, and lime gelatin are St. Patrick's Day favorites—but don't overdo it! And when the clan gathers around the table in honor of St. Pat, we'll wager that the foods we suggest here won't be needing even "a bit of blarney" to go over in a big way.

Julia Lee Wright



Irish toppers with the usual cheese pastry sticks twisted into unusual shillelaghs

MARCH 11TH

MENUS

(*Star means recipe is given)

DINNER

Wishing Well Appetizers
(Stuffed grapefruit halves)
Irish Stew
*Irish Salad
Quick Potato-cheese Rolls Butter
*Crisp of Taro
(Lime fruit gelatin in tea cups)
Shamrock Cookies
Tea

Jiggs' Special
(Corried beef and cabbage
with homemade sauce)
Potatoes
(Whole baked potatoes)
*Corn Meal Cudgels
Ireland Potato Cake
Tea

LUNCHEON

St. Patrick's Brew
(Beef bouillon with poultry)
Kilbarney Ring
(Spinach ring mold with creamed crab)
Stuffed Irish Potatoes
Assorted Bread Green Olives
Celery Hearts
(Individual lemon tarts)
Dublin Tarts

*"Pigs in the Parlor"
(Escalloped potatoes with
ham in individual casseroles)
Covered Rolls
Green Salad
Emerald Isle Frost
(Mint sherbet and apples)
Country Cork Cookies
(Hemlets)

REFRESHMENTS

Druids' Delight
(Mock pistachio ice cream)
Blarney Stones
(Rock cookies)

Mints

Tea

Nuts

*Irish Toppers Salad
(Lime gelatin mold on pineapple ring)
Shillelaghs
(Twisted cheese pastry sticks)
Collagen Cakes
(Chocolate cake with fluff
green mint icing)
Tea Coffee



Mock pistachio ice cream is easily made. To soften vanilla ice cream, add green coloring, almond flavoring, and almond silver-colored green—then refreeze



ERIN SALAD

Spinach and celery

1 lb. fresh spinach
1/2 cup french dressing
1/2 cup freshly sliced celery

Choose spinach with young, tender, delicate leaves; wash carefully

These pages appear ONLY in The Family Circle Magazine, and we hope you will save every single one of them, for we cannot send reprints. Twice a year we plan to issue an index of the recipes which have been printed, so that everything can be filed in order. If you make a point of saving these pages as they appear, it won't take long for you to collect enough for a good, fat cook book of your own.



Low Cost LENTEN MEALS

BREAST-O'-CHICKEN

Tuna Fish

For nourishing meatless meals... serve 'Breast-O'-Chicken tuna fish. This energy food can be prepared in many different family size recipes at low cost. Rich in protein, non-fattening and a source of vitamins A and D... 'Breast-O'-Chicken tuna contains many elements necessary in the well-balanced meal.

Ask for this brand... Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval on every tin

TUNA PATTIES

Served 1 tin Breast-O'-Chicken tuna and meat with 2 finely crushed potatoes when broiled. Add ½ cup milk and 1 beaten egg. Season with 1 tsp well-chopped onion. Form patties and fry until both sides are browned. Serve with sauce prepared by heating 1 can concentrated mushroom soup. Serves six.



SCREEN TEST

(Continued from page 5)

IT'S been a long time since I did any make-up myself, but I want this done right. "Miss Andrews," I say to her after I've panned her hair up in a towel, "don't ever use that color make-up again. For you it's terrible."

I'm not bragging when I say that when I get through with her she will knock anybody's eye out. "Leo is so tight he squeals," I tell her. "If you'll do, he's got to buy us a dinner. If you don't do, I'm stuck—so you better be good."

We catch a cab for the studio. "How did you happen to want to be a model?" I ask. "I read a piece in a magazine about models," she answers. "I thought I'd like to be one." She pauses, then volunteers, "And it may lead to something better."

"Such as?"
She doesn't say anything.
"I get it," I say. "Hollywood." All the babes I know in this business think they can set Hollywood on its ear.

"Maybe," she admits. Then she flushes. "Well, why not? I've heard of other models who got movie offers."

"Yeah. One in every 875,600. Don't be a sap," I look at her profile again. It's nice and clean-cut. With some of those fake eyelashes, she'd be a tasty dish. I pat her on the hand. "Don't mind me. I'm a pessimist. You might, at that."

She flashes me another look out of those great big round eyes.

"Baby, if you keep looking at me like that," I say, "you're gonna stay out awful late."

WHEN we get to Leo's studio, just before we go in, she grabs my arm. "I'm scared," she says. "Suppose I'm not the type?"

Leo doesn't waste any time. He looks her over like he was buying a horse. He looks at her from all sides, he looks at her from the floor, and he even climbs up on a step-ladder and looks at her. Boy, I'm telling you, this Ellen Andrews is sure one well built gal. She's got lovely long legs and I mean she's right in the right places. No bing, she's got something.

"George," says Leo after he's looked at her from 342 different angles, "for once you're right! The dinner's on me." He yells to his assistant, "Hey, Joe, hit her with that big spot."

Joe turns the big spot on her. She's lighted up and no mistake. Leo calls for more lights and he moves them this way and that. He raises his camera and lowers it. I should go back to the office but I stay to watch Leo work. He doesn't mind. We're good friends.

Leo fiddles with the lights for nearly an hour. It's time for lunch, so we send out for sandwiches and beer—only Miss Andrews takes milk.

"George," says Leo to Miss Andrews, "would be a real good-looking guy if the Turks hadn't cut off half his nose."

Which is, of course, a laugh. If I only had half my nose, I'd be all right. As it is, I look like a cross between Jimmy Durante and an anteater. In my whole life I've never won any beauty prizes.

"You hush," says Miss Andrews to Leo, taking up for me. "Mr. Martin's nose is something to be proud of—shows he's got lots of energy."

"Yeah," says Leo. "What he needs is less energy and more brains."

I don't let Leo bother me. I remember when he thought fifty bucks was big money for a photograph.

AFTER lunch Leo gets out the dress that Style wants used. While Miss Andrews is putting it on in the dressing room, he gets

(Please turn to page 14)

Swing High

Hawaiian families of the pre-tourist era were on the good standard. In front of each grass shack could be seen the wooden T from which using the family gourd collection.



There's a magic to playtime hours in Hawaii. A zest and verve as enchanting as the lush and picturesque island landscape. The lively flavor and tang, and alluring fragrance of Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii are in refreshing harmony with island living.

Some of the enchantment of these tropic islands comes to you in Dole Pineapple Juice from Hawaii. Through the exclusive Dole Fast-Seal Vacuum-Packing Process you get the tempting goodness of sun-ripened, golden pineapple.



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Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., also packs of "Dole Pineapple Grow," Sliced, Crushed, Tidbits, and the new "Royal Sprars." Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices:

San Francisco.



Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck—he explained why some performers get by with murder

for many millions. Of course, Mr. Zanuck has had assistance in accomplishing this business miracle. There is Mr. Schenck, for instance. But Darryl was the lad who was responsible for turning out the pictures—the pictures that made the dough. No wonder the bankers bowed, scraped, and cooed!

Were it not for a few fundamental laws of nature, they would probably have tried to marry him.

At the end of the first public showing of "In Old Chicago," the applause was deafening. And then began the mail scramble. Hundreds of people tried to get to Miss Faye, Mr. Zanuck, and their party. Alice was hugged and kissed, Darryl was thumped on the back and grasped by the hand. In my business I see this scene repeated many times, but it always gives me a kick. The hour of success—it never lets you down.

AFTER slowly making their way through the human tide of admirers, Mr. Zanuck and his party gathered in a private dining room at Jack & Charlie's 21 Club. Peace and quiet at last! I sat next to Darryl and

with Shirley Temple have been produced by Mr. Z. S. Bill, Cab Calloway, and the other colored folks at the Cotton Club really went to town for the gang of visiting firemen.

A remark made to me by Darryl during the show presented an interesting slant on his sense of entertainment values. A girl with a really fine voice had just finished singing a song that Darryl Wilkerson said "Billie Wilkerson (not a misprint—Mrs. Wilkerson is called Billie), "That girl can sing!" Darryl turned to me and said, "Yes—and who cares? Look at the customers sitting in the front row. They're all asleep. I don't plan to. Then a little Negro boy came on and did a hot dance. "There you are," Darryl said. "Look at that kid. He's not doing anything—just a lot of effects. But they like it." I thought, "That's the way you're selling every step that the dance looked much more difficult than it really was. And at the end of his turn, the crowd gave him a big hand." Darryl nodded his head slowly. "That's the way," he said. "I don't want to sound like a damn fool, but I think that's the way to get away with murder. If they do, I can get away with his backside."

man Billingsley, the popular owner of that club, that we would drop in for a while. But what was more important, Darryl had promised his wife Virginia that she would have a little dancing—and a little dancing is what Virginia is fondest of. It's no wonder, for she's an exceptionally fine stepper.

Come to think of it, Mr. Zanuck's gang that evening included three of the best dancers in captivity. The other two were Alice Faye and Billie Wilkerson.

Miss Faye particularly likes to do the rhumba—and she can slither like a Cuban. She had, however, never done the Big Apple, so the writer offered to show her the fundamentals of this hop-step-and-jump hysteria. In five minutes she was showing me.

Which brings up the usual question about a new movie star. What is she like? In the case of Alice Faye, the answer is a cinch. Do you know a pretty blonde gal in your home town who would rather sing and dance than eat, who likes people almost to a fault, who would walk a mile to hear a new gag, and who is too busy being amused with life to take it or herself too seriously? That's Alice.

Alice Faye make one single reference to the opening! And if you think that's the routine of the average movie star on her opening night, you're mistaken.

PERHAPS you would be interested to know how Columnist Walter Winchell behaves when he goes out socially. First of all, I don't believe that he ever goes anywhere socially. His job is his life. If he's ever found walking in his sleep, you may be sure he's looking for news. And he apparently can find more with his eyes shut than you can shake a lawsuit at.

Nothing is too small to escape his notice. Take my nose, for instance. Not that it's small, but I had a plaster on it. He took a quick squint at the patch and asked, "What happened?" At the same time he reached toward his pocket with his left hand. That's bad. When Walter makes that quick move with his left mett, it has the same significance as the gesture did back in the days of the old West, when a fast pass at the pocket in that careful and careless era meant that you'd better duck. It's the same with Win-

wagging his head at Dorothy di Frasso. "Five days to work up an alibi, and all he gives me is 'I ran into a door.' Evans, you're slipping! But, okay. Where did it happen?" I told him, and his next Monday column carried this item:

Harry Evans is wearing a bandage on his nose because he did not look where he was going on Jack Whitney's Long Island race.

This is a minor example of the "Winchell twist." The statement is absolutely true, but it lends itself readily to the reader's imagination. For example, the same day that item appeared in Winchell's column in the *Mirror*, I ran into three friends at various times and in each case the burden of their chiding was the same: "I knew those Long Island houses were pretty big, but I didn't know they were so big that you couldn't remember which was your own room!"

SO much for the Darryl Zanuck party. And now back—away back—to the opening paragraph. Remember, I said that nothing could be more exhilarating and enjoyable than a New York opening night—or that nothing could be more depressing. The premiere of "In Old Chicago" was an example of the first kind of occasion. The opening of the new play "Yr. Obedient Husband" was an extreme example of the second.

If you happen to be a regular reader of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE, you know that two of my favorite people in this world are Florence and Freddie March. The popularity of the Marches is continually being commented on in the press—and no wonder! Despite the years they have spent under the pressure of the Hollywood routine, Florence and Freddie have retained as much of their naturalness as it is possible to keep and still play ball in that hectic league.

However, there is no need to kid about one's popularity in the entertainment business, particularly when it's a matter of relative popularity in movies and in the legitimate theatre. The more important an actor is in Hollywood, the more he is put on the spot if he decides to return to Broadway. And the reverse is also true. For East is East and West is West, and never the twain will get palsy-walsy so long as California cradles the movies, and Broadway the drama.

So when Florence and Freddie decided to appear together in a Broadway play, it was
(Please turn to page 21)

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TO all of us, "first night" and "opening night" imply gaiety, glamour, crowds of important people, rounds of thunderous applause, handshaking, backslapping, and all the excitement and drama which accompany theatrical success. Yes, indeed—nothing can be more exhilarating than an opening night on Broadway. Or nothing can be more depressing. In proof of this, witness two recent evenings staged by the writer.

The night of the motion premiere in New York City of the motion picture "In Old Chicago," it was almost impossible to get into a big theatre where the Theatre on Broadway had named the location. The radio, and society streamed into the foyer. Perhaps you saw the newswired shots covering this event. There was one close-up in the foyer. It was of a young woman, one of the stars of the picture, escorted (or rather, paraded) by 20th Century-Fox's Producer Darryl Zanuck, Hollywood's man of the hour. The young woman was Joan Schenck, a 20th Century-Fox director George Raft's daughter. They went into the theatre with the help of about a dozen cops. The crowd pressed forward for a closer view of the young woman, but the cops, in their protective glimpse were not disappointed. She belongs to that minority among the Hollywood glamour girls whose skin, features, and hair are so beautiful that the camera, as they are to the camera.

But it isn't just Alice that the folks wanted to see. They also craved a gander at this fellow Zanuck—the gent whose ability to produce one box-office hit after another has the other so-called geniuses in the industry goggle-eyed. And hadn't Winthrop Aldrich, chairman of the board of the National Bank, given Mr. Zanuck a testimonial dinner? And in the Union Club? The Chase people had even invited Mr. Zanuck to become a director of the bank. And no wonder, for when Mr. Zanuck took over production at the 20th Century-Fox studios, the company's profits in nine months had risen by 100 per cent. Within a few years, Mr. Zanuck has cleaned up the red ink and got out the company in the black.

talked about the new picture, while he attacked a large steak with all the gusto of a man who has been on a diet. And so he had—a squab diet. That's what they had been giving him to fiddle with at the banquets in his honor in New York. And after four or five rounds with squab, it's a real pleasure to go to the mat with a thick, juicy porterhouse. So all the conversation I got out of Darryl for half an hour was "Uh-huh."

But this Mr. Zanuck is thinking all the time. As soon as he and his guests had finished their snacks, Darryl reminded them of another party. Looking at his watch, he said, "I promised Bill Robinson that we would drop in at the Cotton Club to see his show, and we must be there in ten minutes."

So, off we trotted. By this time the party had increased. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Zanuck, Miss Faye, Mr. Schenck, and Mr. Ratoff, there were Mr. and Mrs. Billy Wilkerson (he is the owner and publisher of *Hollywood Reporter*); Sid Grauman, who operates the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood; Countess Dorothy di Frasso; Anita Colby, rated by artists as one of the most beautiful girls in America; and that gentleman of the press who has proved that people would rather have a secret published than kept—Walter Winchell.

As you probably know, Mr. Zanuck is Bill Robinson's movie boss. All of Bill's pictures

I asked Darryl to describe the quality which makes a performer likable. "But," I added, "don't use the word personality."

He shook his head and grinned. "I wouldn't pretend to describe whatever it is that makes actors click," he replied. "All I hope to do is to recognize it when I run across it."

After the show Bill Robinson came over to our table. Remarkable fellow, this king of tap dancers. He's headman in his own part of New York, Harlem, and he's as well loved by the white folks as the colored. Now in his middle fifties, he doesn't look a day older than he did fifteen years ago, and he hoofs with all the sprightliness of a youngster.

His first question after shaking hands with Mr. Zanuck was, "How is Shirley?" Then he wanted to know all about her. The friendship between America's greatest child actress and the dancer is becoming a Hollywood legend. Those who know will tell you that Shirley is always easier to direct when Bill is around, and that she enjoys nothing so much as dancing with him before the camera.

It can truthfully be said that Bill Robinson is a credit to his race, for he's quiet, unassuming, a great contributor to colored charities, and one of the finest entertainers, black or white, in the past twenty years.

OUR next stop was the Stork Club. It seemed that Darryl had promised Sher-

Faye. I have known her ever since she first sang in Rudy Vallee's orchestra, and I don't think that any amount of success can change her or make her grow up—thank heaven! But, you may say, surely she got a thrill and was greatly impressed with the fuss which was made over her at the opening of "In Old Chicago." That's right—she did and she was. And she also seemed thrilled and impressed with the food at 21, and with Bill Robinson's dancing, and with a new tune played by the orchestra at the Stork Club. I might also add that, after we left the Astor Theatre that evening, I did not hear



chell. When he pops his pinkies into his vest, he always comes out with his "gun"—a grubby little pencil which is loaded with turpentine, itching powder, and TNT.

I told Walter the truth. "I ran," I said, "into a

"When?"
"It was last week end,"
I told him,
"Tch, tch," he tched.

is in Hollywood, the more he is put on the spot if he decides to return to Broadway. And the reverse is also true. For East is East and West is West, and never the twain will get palsy-walsy—so long as California cradles the movies, and Broadway the drama.

So when Florence and Freddie decided to appear together in a Broadway play, it was

(Please turn to page 21)

HIT AND A FLOP:
FIRST-NIGHTING WITH
ALICE FAYE, THE ZAN-
CKS, WALTER WIN-
ILL, THE MARCH
HART

HARRY EVANS



Shirley Temple—her friendship with a great hooper is becoming a Hollywood legend

Bill Robison—He went to town for riding shoes from Hollywood, gave a star a thrill



THEN . . . AND Now

● Remember how the old fish stores used to dump piles of fish on their stands . . . then hung out their signs? Remember, also, the too apparent odors? It's no wonder fish weren't very popular. But, now, Fisher's bring you fine fresh fish fillets—each one completely boned . . . each one carefully wrapped . . . and always under constant refrigeration. More and more people are enjoying really fresh fish—and finding it an economical as well as delightful dish!



Fisher's
FRESH FISH FILLETS

SUE SUTTON'S MENUS

Sunday

Cream of Tomato Soup
Smothered Pork Shoulder
Chops
Yam Balls Buttered Asparagus
Malted Waldorf Salad
Hot Biscuits Butter Honey
Sponge Cake with
Sliced Bananas and
Whipped Cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Monday

Canned Corned Beef Hash
Mashed Turnips
Buttered Spinach
Bread Butter
Sponge Cake with Fruit
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Tuesday

Lamb Tongue Jardiniere
Browned Rice
Head Lettuce with Spiced
French Dressing
Bread Butter
Pineapple with Cheese
Crackers
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Wednesday

Baked Eggs on Spaghetti with
Cheese Sauce
Chopped Spinach with
Lemon Butter
Vegetable Combination Salad
with French Dressing
French Bread Butter
Date Roll with Whipped
Cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Thursday

Green Split Pea Soup
Minute Steak with Parsley
Butter
French Fried Potatoes
String Beans Carrots
Salad Greens
Rolls Butter
Ice Cream with
Chocolate-peppermint Sauce
Cup Cakes with Green Icing
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Friday

Carrot Ring Filled with
Creamed Shrimps and Celery
Baked Potatoes
Raw Vegetable Salad with
Mayonnaise
Corn Bread Butter
Apple Cake Pudding
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Saturday

Enchiladas
Steamed Rice
Lettuce with Olive Oil and
Lemon Juice French Dressing
Raisin Bread Butter
Applesauce, Mexican Style
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING RECIPES HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY
TESTED IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE'S TESTING KITCHEN

IT'S a simple but clever trick to make yam balls, suggested for Sunday dinner. Just boil whole yams until tender; then peel; mash with butter and a little brown sugar; form into balls; roll in chopped nut meats; place in the oven until they're piping hot; and serve.

The French dressing for Tuesday's salad may be peped up by adding a tablespoon of chopped dill and sweet pickle and a dash of celery seed.

St. Patrick's Day always puts us in a party mood, so we've planned Thursday's dinner as a festive affair. Our suggested menu is built around green foods, with split pea soup as the open-

ing course. Parsley butter for the steak is made by creaming butter, adding chopped parsley and a few drops of lemon juice, forming into balls, and letting them set before using. Dainty little cup cakes may be made from your favorite white cake recipe and topped with green icing. They make a fitting climax to this gay dinner.

It would be well to save some of Thursday's cup cake batter for Friday's apple cake pudding. Slice apples over the batter, sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, dot with butter, and bake in moderate oven until apples are tender. (Please turn to page 16.)

2 reasons for drinking
CANADA DRY
with meals

IT'S
DELICIOUS
AND



"IT'S
GINGERVATING"

- ✓ PICKS YOU UP
- ✓ AIDS DIGESTION
- ✓ SUPPLIES QUICK ENERGY
- ✓ SOOTHES AND REFRESHES INWARDLY

In a word

"IT'S
GINGERVATING"

IN THREE SIZES

5¢ 3 FOR 25¢ 15¢
(Plus Deposit)



CANADA DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ale"

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?



G. B. S. sees nothing remarkable in his plays. Anybody else, he says, could do as well—if . . .

"IF I have done the public any service," wrote Sir Isaac Newton, after a long life of mental vigor, "it has been due to patient thought."

He didn't want to take credit personally for his accomplishments. He preferred to attribute them to the power of the human intellect, implying that any man who had been willing to think as hard could have done the same thing.

And, in one sense, any man could have done it—any man who might have chosen to devote an entire life to reasoning, any man who could have mastered the same intellectual concentration, any man with a zest for reasoning equal to Sir Isaac's.

George Bernard Shaw once said that there was nothing remarkable about his plays. Anybody else, he said, could do as well if he were willing to take the same amount of trouble and to undergo the same amount of drudgery.

The human mind is like rich soil, but it needs to be cultivated to produce valuable products. And if it is neglected, it will bring forth weeds in profusion.

What you think about comes to be reflected in your countenance. "As a man thinketh . . . so is he." You may not always get what you want, but what you want will often get you, for your every thought to some degree affects your manner and appearance. The schemer comes to get a crafty look. The man who wastes his mental talents develops a vacant, ineffectual expression. And the man who has many interests is always interesting-looking.

I know a man whose face, just in the last few years, has changed to one set expression. Once he only occasionally would shout out his lower lip to express his wise incredulity. He thought he was too smart to be fooled, and

gradually his sophomoric wisecrack expression came to be a habit. Today his face, even in repose, looks more like the mug of an English bulldog than of a man—his lower lip protrudes and wrinkles sag down on either side of his mouth. What was once a fleeting scowl has become set in rigid deformity.

Another man I know looks for all the world like a stuffed owl in a museum, and a talk with him only confirms that impression, for he hasn't had a new thought in twenty years. He believes logical thinking consists of marshaling up motley old saws and musty platitudes rather than experimenting with live thoughts. He is well preserved in the sense that a mummy is well preserved—life departed long ago and only the carefully embalmed outward shell remains. He has that look of dignity which Aldous Huxley describes as being common to diplomats and butlers as a result of long years of "suppressing their emotions."

If the wise guys and the "museum pieces" of this world had retained a willingness to think, there would be more Newtons and Shaws. The human mind which has been neglected can't be blamed for its shortcomings. Once you are willing to give up the arduous task of thinking for yourself, rigidity of reasoning begins to set in, for it's only when the mind is kept elastic and pliable that it continues to function productively.

"Sow an act and you reap a habit. Sow a habit and you reap a character. Sow a character and you reap a destiny."

Aldous Huxley

SCREEN TEST

(Continued from page 9)

me to help Joe and him arrange the props. When she comes out, Leo fiddles with the lights some more and focuses his one-shot color camera. He turns off the lights and Joe goes around and takes out the globes and puts in flash bulbs. Then Leo bawls at Miss Andrews until he gets the right expression. There's a big flash—it's a shot.

Leo makes six shots before he calls time. Miss Andrews is getting a little fagged. I even feel the strain myself. But she doesn't complain.

"George," says Leo, "don't you ever do any work any more?"

He turns the plates over to Joe to develop. Fifteen minutes later Joe has them developed. Every one of them is good, but Leo decides he'll make some more to be safe. Miss Andrews doesn't collapse near as fast as a lot of old hands. Even Leo admits this and he's hard on models. Finally he calls it a day.

I remind him about the feed. "Not that I'm so hungry," I remark, "but I get a big kick out of seeing you spend your money." I turn to Miss Andrews. "Being tight has one advantage," I say to her. "Leo knows more places where you can get real food for less money."

Leo grins at me wickedly. "What'll your wife say if you don't come home?"

"He thinks he's funny," I explain to Miss Andrews. "He knows I'm not married." "How am I to know?" says Leo. "I haven't seen you since yesterday."

HE takes us to a Swedish restaurant where the food is both good and plentiful. We all grab a plate and go after the smorgasbord.

"This is the first time I ever ate any smorgasbord," confesses Miss Andrews. "They don't have it back in Bowling Green."

"I always thought Bowling Green was a subway station," I say.

Leo has his plate piled so high with the smorgasbord that it nudes him. "Leo," I say, "they're taking money on you."

"Go jump in the river!" growls Leo. "—with your shoes on," adds Ellen electrically.

By this time we're calling her Ellen and she's calling us by our first names. She's a real friendly girl—a sport and yet feminine at the same time, if you know what I mean.

"Why aren't you married?" she asks me. "Three reasons. The first is I never saw anybody I specially wanted to marry—" I stop, then laugh—"until I saw you."

She leans over the table and smiles right smack in my face. "You ought to be careful—a man in your position. I have a witness. I could sue you for breach of promise."

"Sue ahead," I say. "You won't get a nickel. Sooner than pay you a nickel, I'll marry you tomorrow." She thinks I'm just kidding her along, but every time she turns those great big blue lumps on me I turn a somersault inside. Am I in love with her already? I don't know anything else that could affect a guy like this.

"Don't pay any attention to him," says Leo. "He proposes to every doll he meets."

"He's a liar!"

"Ha-ha," laughs Leo sarcastically. "He wouldn't know what to do with a wife if he got one. Now what," he asks me, "would you do with her?"

"That's easy," I say. "I'd sue her to decorate my apartment. I'd stuff her and hang her up on the wall. She'd be a whole lot more decorative than that mouse I shot."

"Huh," snorts Leo. "Always showing off. He bought that mouse at Macy's."

WHEN the cover Leo made for *Style* comes out, it's a knockout. Other pho-

topographers see it and want to use Ellen, so she's kept pretty busy. Somehow I just can't seem to stay away from that girl. It's wonderful to take her anywhere. I mean she makes everything you do seem like an adventure, she makes you so glad you're alive.

She models fur coats and corsets. She's photographed in bathing suits and in a bathtub with a lot of soapbuds. She's used to sell cigarettes, silverware, and fire insurance.

One day Bill Cunningham, the talent scout for Colossal Pictures, drops into the office. "Hi," he says. "You got any new numbers?"

I let him look over the new models on file since he was in last time. Ellen's file is among them and he has to light right on it the first thing. "Not bad," he says. "I wonder can she act?"

"Can she act?" I say without thinking. "Why, that baby's got everything. I'll bet even Katharine Cornell hasn't got more." Then I remember who Bill is. "Do me a favor, Bill—forget it," I suggest.

"What do you mean, forget it?"

"Miss Andrews is a personal friend of mine," I tell him. "Sooner than see you ship her off to Hollywood, I'd throw you out on your neck."

He puckers up his lips and whistles. "So that's the way it is?" I have done him a good turn or two and he remembers it. "Okay, pal," he says.

SOMETIMES I think Ellen really likes me a little. She's by now one of my most successful models, but I feel that somehow she's not satisfied. When she's with me, she seems to be enjoying herself, but sometimes when I come out of my office and see her sitting on the bench waiting for calls I catch a faraway look in her eyes.

One night we are at the Crazy Kat. Everybody is having a big time. Ellen doesn't drink, but she likes to dance. Dizzy Ellis is sure swinging his orchestra. All around our table you can hear everybody laughing and talking—there's smoke and champagne and wisecracks all mixed up in one big low roar. Then Dorothy King, the movie actress, barges in with a sable wrap on that cost twenty-five grand if it cost a nickel. I see Ellen looking at her.

"You still thinking about Hollywood?"

"Of course," she says. "Could I help it?"

I get to thinking about the crummy trick I've played on her. I'm not being fair to her, not wanting her to have a chance. "How do you like being a model?" I ask. "Is it all you expected?"

"I don't know," she answers, with that faraway look in her eyes again. "I like it all right, but sometimes I feel a little cramped in an apartment. In Bowling Green we had a front porch, a side porch, and a back porch. I like porches, and chickens and blaes."

"And a garden?"

She nods. "I always thought I'd like a garden," I say. "—where I could plant radishes and tomatoes."

She leans on her elbow and looks at me with real interest. "Why don't you? You could buy yourself a place out in the country and drive in. The tomatoes would cost you more than if y-y-your w-wife bought them at the chain store."

"Maybe I will, at that, Gardeneng's fun. I guess I've been too busy making money before. I was a poor kid. My old man was an inventor. He was always going to make a million dollars. I swore if ever I got married, my wife wasn't going through what Ma did. . . . What am I doing? Telling you my life history?"

"Go on," Ellen says. "I'm interested. Where does the garden come in?"

"The most fun I ever had was the year we lived on the farm."

"All the time," she says. "I knew you

(Please turn to page 16)



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Tune in Fibber McGee
every Monday Night
NBC!

SUE SUTTON'S MENUS (Continued from page 13)

LAMB TONGUE JARDINIÈRE Delight of the epicure

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 6 lamb tongues | 2 medium-size onions |
| Salt | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| 4 medium-size carrots | ½ teaspoon pepper |
| 3 medium-size turnips | 6 tablespoons flour |

Wash tongues thoroughly; scrape; and remove excess tissue. Cover with cold salted water, allowing $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt per pound of tongue, simmer until tender; and drain. When cool, remove skin. Heat $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts stock; add carrots, cut julienne style, diced turnip, chopped onion, salt (1½ teaspoons), pepper, and tongue, and cook 30 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Arrange tongues on serving plate. Thicken stew with flour made into a paste with cold water; pour around tongue. Serves 6.

APRESAUCO, MEXICAN STYLE

A sweet confusion

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 5 medium-size cooking apples | 1½ cups water |
| 1 small orange | Grated American or |
| 2 cups sugar | Parmesan cheese |

Peel and grate apples; quarter unpeeled orange. In heavy sauce pan combine apple, orange, sugar, and water; cook slowly $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, or until thick and apples are transparent, stirring occasionally. Serve cold, sprinkled with grated cheese. Serves 6 to 8.

**CUBE CRYSTALS KEEP
IT FROM CAKING!**



WHEN IT RAINS
IT POURS

★ THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE

IS
PRESENTED BY
FISHER FOODS,
CHAMPIONS OF
GOOD LIVING



SCREEN TEST

(Continued from page 15)

weren't really so hard-boiled as you let on." "Don't kid yourself, baby," I laugh. "I've been around."

Here we are at the Krazy Kat—high society sitting all around us, with a hot floor above, hot music, saucy—and what do we talk about? Gardens? It's a joke.

NEXT day, Cunningham pops in the office. "You make me sick," he says. "Here I do you a favor and pass up Miss Andrews and you let another guy horn in on us both."

"What do you mean?" I ask. When he sees I really don't know what he's talking about, he spits the words.

"She's too-tuning you," he tells me. "You're all wet." I say, "She's a nice kid, strictly on the up and up."

Cunningham raises both his eyebrows. "Anyway, my competitor, Walter Alexander, is making plenty of play for her. Whenever she's not with you, I see her with him. And he doesn't have to take her out every other night in the week just to see if she's good mouse material."

"She's got a perfect right to do whatever she wants," I reply.

"Sure," says Cunningham. "But I bet she'd like to go to Hollywood. They all do. And Alexander's feeding it to her fast—about how he's the bird to put her over, and all that." Cunningham gives me a wry grin. "I ought to know. I've done it myself."

I know I haven't got any mortgage on Ellen. But at least she must've told me about Alexander. It sort of gets me down.

Then Ellen comes to the office, all excited. Alexander has arranged for her to have a screen test. "I didn't tell you before," she says, because I was afraid it was just a come-on. "Her eyes are shining and she glows all over like a neon sign. She wants me to make her up."

"What makes you think I should make you up?" I growl at her.

"Please," she begs. "Nobody else could do it right. I owe all my success to you."

"That Alexander—I'd like to break his neck."

She looks at me kind of peculiarly. "Who, George?" she says softly. "I believe you're jealous."

"And why," I ask, "shouldn't I be jealous? This guy comes along and takes you off to Hollywood. And then how do you suppose I get to see you any more?"

Ellen looks off, dreamy-like. "Well," she says at last, "he has been pretty nice to me."

SHE doesn't know it, but I can fix her so she'll look like she's been on a three-day drunk and yet she'll never be able to tell it in a mirror. What I don't know about make-up isn't in any book. I can make her face look bona and harsh just by putting a few false shadows in her cheeks, under her chin, and along her nose. The eye wouldn't notice these shadows, but the camera would.

She sits at the narrow make-up table and I sit on the other side. I take her face in my hands and study it. It's lovely and has a nice bone structure underneath the skin. Her lips look very delectable and I think how much I would like to kiss them. She must've read my thoughts because she asks, "Why do you look at me like that?"

"Does this guy make love to you?"

She catches her breath and opens her eyes at me. A warm glow of color starts up from her throat and floods her face. She doesn't say anything for a minute. Then she whispers, "Why—why must you ask me that, George?"

She doesn't have to tell me. I am still holding her face in my hands, but the bottom has sort of dropped out of things for me. (Please turn to page 20)

Mellow Flavor

FOR LENTEN MEALS



★ When you buy York State Cheese from Fisher's you get something with a pedigree. Two men living at the foot of the Adirondack Mountains personally select every York State Cheese we sell in our stores . . . and they've been doing it for over 20 years! What you get is a finished product. These experts have selected it. They've cured it and aged it. They assure you of as mellow and flavory cheese as this entire country produces. Use it in your lenten dishes!

FISHER'S YORK STATE CHEESE

FISHER FOODS CLEVELAND-OWNED *"Champions of Good Living"*

YOU CAN'T BEAT A

LLAMA!



DOWN in the Andes the Indians have a Quechuan phrase which says: "You can't beat a llama!" They mean it in both of the senses in which it may be taken. The llama is the blood brother of the faraway desert camel, and no scientist seems to know just how, unless there was some prehistoric land bridge, the blood line jumped from arid Arabian desert to arid highlands of the Peruvian and Bolivian cordilleras. But every llama seems to be aware of the fact that, however he came to South America, man couldn't live in those sky-piercing mountains without his daily assistance. And the llama misses no chance to let one know he knows it!

He may, when he feels like it, do a little work for man, but if a man picks up a whip or a stick and threatens him, he'll turn arrogantly and spit at his assailant. The vituperative snort which comes from his throat when something displeases him speaks volumes.

A scientist friend and I once stood on the volcanic rim looking down upon the crater city of La Paz, Bolivia. My friend, in a burst of good-will-toward-everything, reached out his hand to pet a llama which stood haughtily beside us also gazing down on the Bolivian city.

"Hello there, old Tylopoda-camelidae," my friend said jovially. "How are you this fine morning?" The llama turned and looked disdainfully at him as if he were talking. "Sir! I'm not in the habit of speaking to

strangers!" He ignored the first pat, but when the scientist reached out his hand again and rubbed his woolly throat the llama turned and spat copiously into the man's face. Obviously the llama didn't like being called a Latin name—and he didn't want to be petted!

The Quechua Indians, descendants of ancient Incas, understand his disposition and accept most of his whims. They pronounce his name "yana" and they talk to him gently and respectfully. This beast of burden, they know, can travel through arid mountains for days without water and can live for months on rock stubble and moss nibbled on the march. The cushionlike pads on the soles of his feet make it possible for him to climb rock ridges with ease and safety.

Croasting over the IGQRO-foot divides, where other animals could not live in the rarefied air, you will see caravan after caravan of llamas stretching out over the dusty pampas and otherwise lifeless paramos. Each llama has a light pack on his back. Suddenly, as if they had reached a common decision, every llama stops and squats down, but the Quechua family does not argue. They sit down also, and then pall their heavy ponchos around them and wait patiently until the llamas have satisfied themselves with inactivity. There is no other animal to which the natives can turn, so they are dependent upon the llama not only for transportation but for food and clothing.



Alice LaVarre and friend, Colin says, the baby llama faces a hair-raising life.

"LOOK!" My wife Alice whispered the usual tourist's exclamation as we were climbing a steep Incan-walled street in the ancient city of Cuzco, Peru. "Look!" she said. "Llamas! Big ones!"

We had seen llamas from the window of the train which had brought us up from the warm decks of the ship Santa Lucia to the top of the Andes, but these beasts, coming quietly down the stone steps at the head of the narrow street, seemed bigger and more

MARCH 11TH

state. Their heads, held erect over loaded backs, looked like vigilant sentinels constantly surveying everything in quick nervous glances as they came down toward us. They wedged into the narrow street, snorting heavily to clear the way of lesser mortals. The natives stopped obediently into doorways or hugged the great stone walls to let them pass, but Alice was not going to be shoved aside. She stood her ground in the center of the street and waited.

The llamas, with Quechua Indians coming to them urgently, approached her and, as they saw that she had no intention of moving out of their way, they set up a great buzz of throaty llama conversation. Any man who thinks animals haven't a language would have changed his mind if he had listened to that buzz-buzzing, grunt-grunting, and snort-snorting. Their wide-eyed stares at the girl who wouldn't get out of their way were full of disgust and disdain. "Perhaps they don't like your blue shirtwaist!" I suggested.

"Nice llama!" said Alice, who heretofore had been able to tame and pacify truly fierce beasts. "Nice llama!" she said, holding out a friendly hand. But the llamas stopped in their tracks. They looked at one another for a few moments, and I seemed to catch the decision they had arrived at even before it was executed. One by one they noddingly in complete agreement. Then, in one wave, they all sat down. Their Indian herdsman was furious for a moment; then he shrugged his shoulders and sat down, too.

"NOW, look what you've done!" I said to Alice. "They don't like your standing in their path."

"I bet they'll get up after a while and walk around me."

"Viva! the devil!" said Alice, her face suddenly turning the color of a spring beet. "Why don't you do something?" she said, turning to me. "Don't just stand there laughing! Do something!"

"Not 1! This is your party!" I laughed. "You started it. We're all having a fine time. Viva the beautiful lady! Down with the llama!" The llama shook his head violently as Alice tugged at his halter, and another roar went up from the ever-growing crowd. "Viva la bonita señora!" people shouted. "Abajo la llama!" Hurry for the beautiful lady! Down with the llama!

"I'll abajo him!" Alice granted, trying to get hold of his tail. She had seen mule drivers force donkeys to their feet by twisting their tails—but the llama, shrewdly, was sitting on his tail, and she couldn't reach it. She tugged at his wool but all she got was another squirt of saliva—and this time the llama didn't miss!

"Give up!" I asked. "Oh! Go on and leave me alone," she said, gritting her teeth. "I'm going to make him stand up, if it's the last thing I do in Peru!" Traffic was at a standstill. It was as good as a draw as the natives had had, since the government put a stop to Sunday afternoon cockfights. News spread rapidly through the mountain town. Cuzco thought the sight of an American girl trying to make a llama stop its sit-down strike was indeed funny. I thought so, too! But husbands who laugh at their wives are treading on active volcanoes. I tried to hide my snuff behind a worried expression. "Viva la bonita señora!" the

(Please turn to page 22)



This Indian didn't dare to force a sprightly-lame step on mount llama.



By the very tilt of their heads, llamas show their awareness of the fact that without them man could not live in the Andes.



When Alice tried to change a llama's mind, old Incan herded calf, cheered her.

IF YOU EXPECT TO RATE WITH THIS HAUGHTY AUTOCRAT OF THE ANDES, DON'T CROSS HIM. HE'S A PAST MASTER AT THE SPIT-AND-SIT-DOWN STRIKE
BY WILLIAM LAVARRE

THE CURRENT FLICKERS

"ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS"

Produced by MGM
Directed by George Fitzmaurice

CAST—Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce, Warren William, John Halliday, Nat Pendleton, Monty Woolley, E. E. Clive, George Zucco, Vladimir Sokoloff, Tully Marshall.
SITUATION—Melvyn Douglas is a gentleman farmer near Paris. He was once Arsene Lupin, greatest of the jewel thieves. Now he loves Virginia Bruce and wants to keep his old identity secret. But a thief using the name Lupin tries to rob Virginia's father, John Halliday, of a valuable stone. Warren William, an American detective, has been guarding the stone and he suspects Douglas. After the gem is stolen, Douglas must return to his former ways to protect himself.

COMMENT—The moral of this picture, so far as I can see, is: Be a good jewel thief, amass a fortune, retire, and live happily ever after. However, not wishing to bore you with moralizing reviews, let's drop it there.

As the retired Arsene Lupin, Melvyn Douglas gives a creditable performance. As his rival in love, Warren William is just as good, and in their scenes together they keep the picture moving along. Otherwise, the pace of the picture is not too rapid. The sleight of hand scenes are the best in the picture.

OPINION—It doesn't matter a great deal



"You're not such a bad dancer yourself," says Virginia Bruce to Warren William after he has complimented her on her fancy footwork. Which isn't anything to do with the plot of 'Arsene Lupin Returns,' but it gives us a chance to print a photograph showing a couple of profiles that moviegoers seem to be pretty enthusiastic about.

"GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT"

In Technicolor

Produced by Warner Brothers
Directed by Michael Curtiz

CAST—George Brent, Olivia de Havilland, Claude Rains, Margaret Lindsay, John

Litel, Marcia Kallston, Barton MacLane, Tim Holt, Sidney Toler, Henry O'Neill, Willie Best, Robert McWade, Russell Simpson, Harry Davenport.

SITUATION—George Brent comes to California in the 1890's. He is a mining engineer and sells his supervisors in the company on the idea of using hydraulic mining. Rancher Claude Rains objects to the tons of mud which this mining method pours down from the mountains on his fertile valley fields, killing his crops. Other ranchers join him in protest and they obtain a court injunction against further hydraulic mining. Brent, in



in "Gold Is Where You Find It" Claude Rains is a farmer who is mad clear through of mining engineer George Brent for ruining his fertile land with hydraulic mining. Good performances. And Russell Simpson, between Claude and George, is excellent, too—but isn't he always?

love with Olivia de Havilland, Rains' daughter, swears to stand by the court order, but the other miners won't. War!

COMMENT—The peculiar treatment given this story, in which every effort is made to turn it into an epical production to match its theme, makes it neither a good educational study nor good fiction.

The film, photographed in color, starts out with a long discussion of the Forty-niners and traces the growth of California as a great agricultural State. This is done by narration which is overlong. When the story finally does get under way, it moves along well enough to the fade-out on a vision of California as it is supposed to be today—the Orange Empire.

There are some good performances and there is some good direction. Claude Rains is excellent as the farmer embittered against the miners, and Russell Simpson is fine in what amounts to hardly more than a bit. As always, Director Michael Curtiz handles his mob scenes skillfully.

The color is no better and no worse than that of other color pictures made in the past six months.

OPINION—An epic which fails to ep. Yet it's a good picture.

"MIDNIGHT INTRUDER"

Produced by Universal
Directed by Arthur Lubin

CAST—Louis Hayward, Eric Linden, J. C. Nugent, Barbara Read.

COMMENT AND OPINION—A Universal B that is far above the general run of low-budget pictures from that studio. "Midnight Intruder" is a whodunit which manages to hew to the story line without getting confused in its effort to be confusing. And it offers some fine performances. Okay.

SCREEN TEST

(Continued from page 16)

"Oh, George, please hurry!" she begs, to change the subject. "I'll be late."

"If I had any sense," I say, starting to work on her, "I'd fix you so you'd be a complete flop." But I don't. I don't feel so good about it, but I just can't do her dirty again—no matter how much I hate Alexander.

WHILE he is waiting to see how the best comes out, Ellen is all keyed up. You can tell it just by looking at her. But even though I hope the test is a washout, I know it won't be. I am right. She calls me up about it.

"Why tell me?" I bark at her.

"I just thought you'd like to know," she says. "Walter is going to bring the contract for me to sign tonight. Any objections?"

"Plenty!" I yell.

I really mean to stay away from her that night, but there I am, ringing the bell to her apartment. Beloved me, I am plenty low. When she opens the door and sees me, her face lights up in a sort of half-way smile, like she's got a secret. Maybe she thinks I'm Alexander. But no, she knows it's me.

"Come in, George," she says.

"Congratulations," I tell her. "How soon are you leaving?"

We stand there in the middle of the room and she looks at me with that peculiar soft look in her eyes. "I don't know yet. Are you that anxious to get rid of me?"

"You know better than that," I say. "If I'd had my way, you'd never even get a chance to take a screen test."

"What do you mean?"

"I tell her how I fixed Cunningham."

"George? Why did you do that?"

"Because I love you I would've fixed Alexander, too, if I'd known you'd meet him."

JUST then the doorbell rings. Ellen's face is flushed and lovely. She opens the door. It's Alexander. He's expansive—all swelled up like a balloon. He beams at Ellen. Then he sees me and his face falls like somebody has stuck a pin in it. "Oh," he says, "hello, Martin."

Then he pumps himself up again and turns to Ellen. "I've brought the contract," he says, fishing in his inside coat pocket. Why Ellen can fall for this guy is more than I can see. He's punk and pudgy. I always thought he was a pretty good guy before, but now I don't like him from nothing.

"I guess I better be going," I say.

"Don't go, George," says Ellen. "I'm sure Mr. Alexander will leave the contract for me to look over. I want you to advise me." Alexander doesn't like it much, but he takes the hint. After he has gone, Ellen looks at the contract and then starts to tear it up. "Hey!" I yell. "What are you doing?"

She turns her great big blue eyes on me. "I'm not going to Hollywood," she says.

"You're not? Why not?"

"Can't you guess?" She almost whispers, thus, letting her eyes fall.

I haven't the foggiest notion.

"George Martin, do you mean to tell me I've got to sue you for breach of promise after all?"

Then I get it. Then I see what a dope I've been. She really would marry me! She's not so Hollywood crazy after all. She's like me—home sweet!

"If I breach of promise, not a nickel!" I holler cheerfully, taking her in my arms. "Sooner than pay you a nickel, I'll marry you tomorrow!"

Then those great big round blue eyes of hers really begin to give. "That's what I've been trying to tell you to say all along, stupid," Ellen explains—just kidding, of course. And then she kisses me before I can think of anything snappy to come back at her with.

BROADWAY DIARY

(Continued from page 11)

a foregone conclusion that they had better be good—or else! Came the opening night, and I prepared for my usual spell of jitters. Remember how nervous you were the first time Junior spoke a piece in school—or the night your kid sister played the lead in the Masque and Wig production of "Rumors and Jolies"? Well, that's how I feel every time a friend opens in a New York play—plus an added set of nervous convulsions known as drama critic's itch.

The first act of "Yr. Obedient Husband" went slowly; the second was better; the third really entertaining. The costumes were exceptionally handsome, the settings colorful, and the players were capable and earnest. At the final curtain the audience showed honest enthusiasm, and the applause demanded many curtain calls. So insistent were the spectators that Mr. March stepped forward and made a short, graceful response. He said,

"Before the show I promised a person—who shall be nameless—that under no circumstances would I make a speech. And so, as an obedient husband, please let me just say how greatly your kindness is appreciated by all of us."

Following the play, Director John Cromwell (who also directed the movies "Prisoner of Zenda," "Banjo on My Knee," "To Mary—with Love," and other successes) staged a reception at the Drake Hotel. Actors, authors, playwrights, and non-professional friends gathered to shake hands with the cast and congratulate the principals and director.

None of this fooled Florence or Freddie. They wanted to know just one thing: What would the dead-pan newspaper critics say? It's pleasant to have one's friends enthuse, but in show business one must not be carried away by their opinions.

So a few of us sat up with the Marches until the morning papers were out. The rest is history. The critics not only pointed in great detail to the weaknesses of "Yr. Obedient Husband," but made little effort to pay tribute to its deserving elements.

In fairness to the New York critics, it must be said that they were pretty well agreed on one point: "Yr. Obedient Husband" was not a good play. One after another, Freddie read the notices aloud to those of us who had kept the all-night vigil, and as he read, the gloom got thicker and thicker.

The play closed a few days later and it was then that the Marches proved that they could take it. They ran an advertisement in the newspapers and trade magazines using for an illustration that famous cartoon which appeared in *The New Yorker* several years ago. The cartoon shows a trapeze artist hanging by his knees, and he has just missed catching his partner who has come flying through the air toward him from another trapeze. The caption is "Oops! Sorry!" Below the cartoon in the ad were the names of Florence March, Freddie March, and John Cromwell. And to prove further that they know how to laugh at themselves, the Marches sent out regular black-bordered mourning cards like this:

Florence and Fredric March

wish to thank you

for your kind thoughts

in their hour of need

It is probably wasting a hope to hope that New York drama critics were impressed with these retorts courteous.

However, while I am up on my soapbox, please let me add this thought on the subject of criticism. The Broadway stage, heaven knows, is not what it used to be. It may not be dying, but it's certainly in a weakened condition as a result of the conscription of its talent by Hollywood. So when Hollywood turns around and offers to send players and money back to Broadway, these gestures should be respected and encouraged. I'm not suggesting that the critics should say a play is good when it isn't. But I do say that the critics—who make their living out of the theatre, too—should encourage the Hollywood gang to try again after an unsuccessful effort.

And this stuff about the stage being so much more adult and cultural than the movies is just a lot of hot air. As for consistency in providing entertainments—well, I'll take Walt Disney and you can have the Theatre Guild!

Tim ALMOST LOST HIS JOB

TIM'S ALWAYS FLYING OFF THE HANDLE

YES, HE'S GETTING IMPOSSIBLE TO WORK WITH

IF YOU WERE AS BAD TEMPERED AT THE OFFICE YOU'D GET FIRED!

AND IT'S AGGRAVATED—SOMETIMES CAUSED BY USING HARSH TOILET TISSUE

WHY THIS TISSUE IS TERRIBLE—JUST FULL OF ROUGH SPOTS AND SPLINTERS

NO WONDER IT CAUSED TROUBLE

SORRY, MARY—IT'S NOT MY TEMPER—(UNCOMFORTABLE!) I'M GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR!

GOODNESS, IT'S SOFT! WHY IT'S AS SOFT AND SMOOTH AS CLOTH!

A MONTH LATER

GOSH, MARY, LOOK! I GOT A RAISE!

WONDERFUL, DARLING—AND THAT FIRST ORDER OF WALDORF ISN'T GONE YET!

NOW LOOK AT THIS SOFT-WEAVE WALDORF THE DOCTOR RECOMMENDED

MAKE THE LIGHT TEST YOURSELF AND SEE HOW AND WHY Soft Weave WALDORF PROTECTS YOU!

Waldorf Soft Weave

YOU CAN'T BEAT A LLAMA!

(Continued from page 19)

populace applauded. "¡Abajo la llama!" But I didn't dare say anything. I stood on one foot and then the other—just a husband to whom no one paid any attention.

"Cámara!" I said at last, aiming the lens at her.

"If you take a picture of me now, I'll—I'll shoot you!" Alice sputtered. But I'd already snapped the picture.

"A loudown trick!"

"I'll take another one—when he stands up," I promised. "When mind wins over matter! Hurry up!"

Alice tried all angles, approaches, and facial expressions, but still the llama wouldn't budge. You would have thought that he had squatted down in a puddle of glue. "Better give up," I advised. "You've tried everything."

A man pushed his way out of the crowd. He was tugging at something hidden under his flowing poncho. It proved to be a tremendous pistol. He held it out to her with a flourish. "¡Mata la llama!" he suggested. Shoot the llama!

The Quechua herder got up and came over anxiously, took off his big hat, and bowed low. "A thousand pardons, señora," he begged, "but this is my best llama. Please don't shoot him. I have patience, señora, and all will be well!"

"I guess I've had enough," Alice conceded. "Let's get out of here!"

But the crowd didn't want the show to end. They set up a greater shout than ever. They shook their fist at the squatting llamas and called them nasty words. They would not, they shouted, allow the beautiful señora, a visitor to their hospitable city, to be vanquished. "¡Viva la señora! ¡Abajo la llama!"

"Your act pleased everyone," I said. "They're calling for an encore."

"I've had enough," Alice said. "Get me out of here—please!"

I guided her through the laughing crowd as best I could. The people, now out for fun, allowed us to pass but took up the argument where she left off. They yanked, pushed, and pulled at the llamas in an effort to force them to their feet. But so far as I could see, looking back from farther and farther away as we hastened to the quiet courtyard of our little hotel, man en masse was no more effective in making a llama stand up than a lone woman had been.

That was adventure number one with the Andean llama. Alice boiled about it until late that night. She even turned on the light

suddenly after we had gone to bed—to see if, in the dark, I was laughing!

TWO days later we were high up in the mountains at a camp beside a new silver mine. A Scotsman had discovered a lode and hoped that he was about to take another fortune out of the mountains. I went into the tunnel with him and examined the rich vein. When we came out into the rare mountain air, I found Alice leaning against the Scotsman's llama corral and looking a bit wistfully at a score of burden bearers which our host had penned up until he should need them for hauling in new supplies. "Now, now!" I cautioned. "Don't start any more llama trouble! You could try all your life, but you can't boss a llama!"

"These are very tame," the Scotsman said. "They're almost pets!"



Alice LeVore cack-clocks and talks this llama to give her a ride around. And although she calls into play all her wiles, the Scotsman's llama sits tight!

"Pets?" asked Alice.

"Pets," corrected the miner. "That white one over there lets my son ride him—sometimes."

I saw Alice's eyes open with interest. "Oh, that would be fun!" she exclaimed. "Could I try?"

"Surely!" the miner agreed. He took down the top bars, and Alice went merrily into the corral. Indian workers were called to give us a hand. Using my cupped palms as a stepladder, Alice was quickly astride the animal's back.

"Click! Click!" urged Alice. "Nice llama! Come on, give me a ride around!" She pressed the heels of her boots into the llama's sides. The llama turned his head as if it were on a pivot, looked at her for a moment, snorted—and sat down. The Indian boys roared with laughter.

"Better get off before he throws you off!" I advised. Alice looked at the ground, on which her feet were already resting, and at the wide-eyed llama. "He can't throw me off when he's sitting down!" she said, and clucked some more. But the llama just sat.

"No use arguing," the Scotsman said. "I've lived up here in the mountains for seventeen years, and never have I seen a llama give in. Once he sits down, you have to forget what you were trying to make him do."

We replaced the corral bars and walked toward the house. "A llama," he said, "is the sittingest animal I know. Horses balk and kick; mules freeze in their tracks, but a man can usually kid them along and get what he wants done. Not so with a llama. When

he doesn't like something, and sits down—well, you'd better do as the Quechuas do: Sit down, too!"

"I'm fed up with them," Alice admitted. "I'd rather have goats."

"The Quechuas tell a strange story," our host said. "They say a gringo engineer was taking his things across the Andes by llama train, but his Indian herders would not drive the animals so fast as the white man wanted them to go. Finally he became furious, dismissed the herders, sent them back in disgrace to their village, and took the job of llama driving himself. Na llama, he told himself, was going to lay down the law to him! He'd show them who was boss!"

"Well, the engineer's caravan was so long overdue at the mining camp that a searching party was organized to search the mountains to see what had happened to him. The Indians hunted peaks and gorges and at last found the pack animals. As the searchers approached the squatting llamas, there was no sign of the white man. Finally the llamas stood up, and there was the engineer. The llamas had been sitting on the gringo! And he was as mad as a hornet. Every hour or so, he complained, the llamas would gang up around him, knock him to the ground, and then sit on him!"

So—don't try to boss a llama!

A TAHUALPA, the ancient Inca, ruled that llamas were community property and could not be killed except by decree of his local chieftains. Each community was allowed a certain quota of llama meat each month. A dead llama, that wise ruler knew, would grow no more wool, and wool in that high altitude is as much of a necessity as food. Later, with the coming of the Spaniards, thousands of llamas were wantonly killed. At the end of the seventeenth century they were almost extinct. Under Pizarro, hundreds of thousands of Quechuas died also, but now both the highland Indian and his llamas have a new lease on life. The Indian knows better than to exterminate his most valued possession, and under wise laws today foreigners are not allowed to kill a llama without a veterinary's certificate.

Llamas are to be found nowhere else in the world, and Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador have banded together to watch vigilantly over llama welfare. Today the llama provides the raw material for a booming industry, and the natives want to keep a corner on the llama wool market. For, as you probably know, your "camel's hair" coat, if it is a good one, is probably made from llama wool. Llama shearing takes place once every three years. Just to make certain that no other part of the world steals their llama wool industry (as the outside world transplanted their native cocaine and quinine to other shores), Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador now prohibit the exportation of living animals, even to zoos.

Llamas are the world's snootiest animals. They have perfected the sit-down strike against bothersome masters to a degree not attained by any other protesting workers, but to the Andean Quechuas, living high above the fertile valleys, llamas mean the difference between life and death. Without them, the natives would be without food, clothing, and transportation.

¡Viva la llama! And, in case my wife reads this, I'd better add *Viva la señora!* She tried valiantly—but then, nobody can beat a llama!

LITCH

STOPPED IN A HURRY BY B.D.D.

Are you tormented with the itchy irritations of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eczema, or other externally caused skin afflictions? Two quick & happy relief, see cooling, antiseptic, liquid B.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. TION. Guaranteed, and guaranteed. Satisfies the irritation and soothes the most intense itching. 8 1/2 oz. small bottle at drug stores, postpaid—no money back.

ARMY-NAVY Bargains

Handkerchiefs	\$.75	Capt. belt	\$.50
Machete-belt	\$1.50	First pistol	\$2.95
Army saddle	\$5.95	U. S. Blasting knife	\$1.25
Special rifle	\$10.75		\$3.50

New 1938 catalog, 286 pages of pistols, armor, guns, daggers, etc., mailed for 50 cents. Special circular for its stamp. Established 1865.

FRANCIS BARNHART SONS,

361 Broadway, N.Y.C.

SHE RISKS HER LIFE FOR THE

Movies



"I've noticed that you are a steady Camel smoker, Miss Reed. Do you have definite reasons for preferring them to other cigarettes?"

"Yes, indeed, I certainly have. They are distinctly different in so many ways. I smoke Camels all through the day, and my nerves don't feel the least bit frayed. And they are so gentle to my throat. After a meal, I enjoy a Camel 'for digestion's sake.' You see—in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

OFTEN MISS REED has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the "take" is right. "I know what hard work is," she says. "Many a time I've been thankful for that cheery 'life' that I get with a Camel."



FOR RECREATION Miss Reed likes cooking, dancing, outdoor sports...and Camels! "On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels," she says.

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



MISS IONE REED, DARING MOVIE STUNT GIRL, ANSWERS A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES...

SHE jumps off rushing trains. She changes from speeding car to train and back again. She is the girl stunt star of Hollywood. Laughs at danger—because she knows what she is doing. Is extra careful in her choice of a cigarette, because, as she says—but read below and let her tell her ideas in her own way.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER snapped this just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. "Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal more," she says. You'll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to your smoking.



CAMELS ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me!"



"What do you want for dinner tonight?"

A million wives have asked a million husbands that question at the daily A. M. dash . . . and got a mumbled answer that meant nothing yet, as far as meal planning was concerned



● All right, we're going to help wives out. We're going to tell you of a golden food loved by the boy in every man; the one food that recalls boyhood days. Roastin' ears time, back on the farm. And that's—

NIBLETS CORN. Corn-on-the-coh-without-the-coh. With the honest-to-goodness flavor of golden roastin' ears five minutes from the garden.

These great golden kernels of sweet tender corn, sliced clean from the coh are ready for you, at your grocer's—packed in vacuum, to keep their own juicy, glorious flavor.

There's no corn like Niblets Corn. It's packed from a different and exclusive breed (D-138). Look at the kernels—they're taller, tenderer. Grown on a coh to yield deeper, meatier whole kernels without any tough

fiber. All the sunshine, all the goodness of fresh corn—for tonight or any night and any month in the year!

There's only one Niblets—with the answer and the Green Giant on the label. Packed exclusively by the Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minnesota and Fine Foods of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



HOW TO SERVE

Julie flavor that needs no "trimmings." Suggest with just salt and pepper and plenty of butter. For variety, try for example, Niblets Corn with little sausages, chopped onion or crisp bacon.

Niblets Corn



FREE

THIS HELPFUL BOOKLET that every mother will want—"65 Ways to Make Vegetables Interesting to Children," introduction by the famous child psychologist, Angela Fahl, the psychology of pleasant mealtime, dozens of interesting ideas for making vegetables attractive, well-balanced menus, school lunches, new recipes, vitamin chart, 32 pages of helpful information. Simply send postcard to Dept. 1, for your copy, Minnesota Valley Canning Co., Le Sueur, Minnesota.



EXQUISITE



SUPERIOR



Charles Scott

